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CARRY'S TRIALS.

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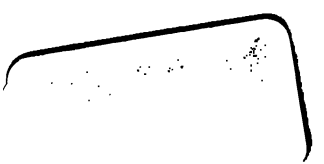

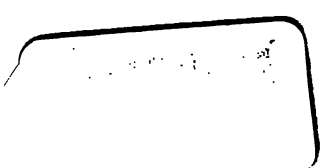

Catholic Tales for the Young.

CARRY'S TRIALS;

AND OTHER TALES.

BY

LADY CHARLES THYNNE.

LONDON:
THOMAS RICHARDSON AND SONS,
26, PATERNOSTER ROW;
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my after life, I do not think I have ever had any that were more bitter. In time I learned to bear it, and even to forgive it, but the recollection has never been effaced.

My father, Dr. Mallison, was professor of Chemistry at Haselour College. He was a very clever man, but died when my brother Edmund and myself were quite young. We then left Haselour, and my mother took a small house at Cheltenham, as she thought it would be the best means of continuing our education, which hitherto had been entirely carried on by my father. Edmund was to attend the College as a day scholar, and I had a daily governess, my mother not being equal to the fatigue of teaching me. At this time I was ten, and my brother twelve years old.

Mrs. Rivers, a married sister of my father's, lived in a pretty villa nearly a mile out of the town, with a large garden and some land attached to it. She also *had only two* children, a boy and a girl,

but Bertram was older than Edmund, while Nelly was two years younger than myself. It was from these children, or rather from their mother, that my childish experience of injustice came.

I remember one morning especially, when we were at breakfast, that a note was brought to my mother. While she was reading it, Edmund made a face at me, and whispered,

"That's bad luck for us, Carry, I feel sure. It's from Clarence Villa."

My mother said she would send an answer presently, and, folding up the note, continued her breakfast.

We did not like to ask any questions, but felt sure that the note concerned us, and that my mother was considering what to do.

"Caroline, my love," she said, after the breakfast was removed; "I have had a note from your aunt, proposing to send for you and Edmund to-morrow morning, to spend the day with Nelly, as it is her birthday. She wants me to dine with

her, and then you can come home with me in the evening."

"Spend the day, mamma!" I exclaimed. "I never could spend a whole day with that tiresome child;—or with aunt Emma," I mentally added, for I did not like to say that aloud.

"I am sorry that you dislike it, dear," said my mother, kindly, "but I wish you to go. It will annoy your aunt so much if you do not, especially on Nelly's birthday. She would think it unkind."

"I don't think she cares what is kind or unkind, as long as Nelly has all she wants," I replied, thoroughly put out.

"Never mind, Carry," said Edmund. "To-morrow will come to an end like all other days, and then I think," he added, looking doubtfully at my mother, "that Uncle Horace is so angry if any one contradicts Nelly and makes her cry, that aunt Emma is often too frightened to know what she is saying."

"Your aunt has a difficult life, dear boy," replied my mother, with a sigh.

"We must try and help her as much as we can."

After this I could say no more. The carriage came for us the next morning at ten o'clock, and Edmund and I went off together to Clarence Villa.

Nelly was a very pretty child, and, I thought, a very conceited one. She was always smartly dressed—much finer than I was—and to-day had a new blue silk frock on. She came affectedly into the room, with her head on one side, evidently wishing me to notice her finery. I am afraid I had a mischievous satisfaction in pretending not to see it. But I had brought her a present from my mother, and that soon occupied her attention.

"We are to play in the house before dinner," said Nelly, "and afterwards mamma will take us in the carriage to Cheltenham to see the shops. That will be a treat for you, Carry," she said, consequentially.

Now, as Nelly was so much younger than I was, I could not bear to be

patronized by her, and answered indifferently,

"As I see the shops every day, there is no particular treat to me in that."

She got very red, but said no more.

Edmund went to look for Bertram, and I went into the schoolroom with Nelly to play.

She had two dolls—one very much dilapidated, without either eyes or hair, and this she always gave to me. I did not approve of this, and threw it down on the ground, saying,

"I can't play with such an old stump as that; I would rather look at your presents, Nelly."

"No; I want to play at dressing dolls, and if you won't, I shall go to mamma and say you are very unkind to me."

She spoke loud and passionately, and aunt Emma, who was passing the door, looked in with an anxious face.

"Carry won't play, mamma. She says *my doll is an old* stump. She is very un-

kind to me," exclaimed the child, beginning to cry.

"Nelly, my darling, don't cry on your birthday. I am sure Carry will do whatever you like to-day. Won't you, dear?" said my aunt, kissing me.

After this, and remembering all my mother had said, I did not like to make any further objections, and submitted silently to all Nelly's whims and caprices, and, as every one let her do just what she pleased in consideration of its being her birthday, we got through the day tolerably well.

"I hope you have had a happy day, dear children," said my mother, as she took us home in the evening.

"I have," said Edmund. "I had a jolly ride on Bertram's pony."

"Of course it's not half so bad for you," I said, "as you have Bertram to play with. However, I got on better with Nelly than usual, as aunt Emma said she must do whatever she liked."

"She always does that, I think," said Edmund, laughing.

"Yes. But she is not always good-humoured, notwithstanding," I replied; "and, mamma, aunt Emma gave me such a pretty work box, but I have not got it yet, as she wanted it to be fitted up differently, so she is to keep it for me."

"That was very kind of her, Carry. I am glad that you got on better with Nelly, for I promised your aunt that you and Edmund should stay at Clarence Villa while I am in London."

"A whole week, mamma!" I exclaimed, in some dismay.

"We shall do well enough, Carry," said Edmund, "if you won't make a fuss about it."

I did not agree with him at all, but I only asked if my governess was to come to teach me while I was there.

"No dear, your aunt says you can do your lessons with Miss Atherly, and of course Edmund can go every day to the *College, as usual.*"

I felt very disconsolate at the prospect of spending so many days without even Edmund's protection; but I did not like to annoy my mother by saying more, and, accordingly, early in the next week I was left at Clarence Villa, till my mother should come home.

"I will try and bear it for a week, but you won't stay away longer, mamma," I whispered, as she wished me good bye.

"Certainly not, my darling," she replied, so I tried to make myself as contented as I could.

The first two or three days went off well and peacefully. Lessons and walking took up a great part of the day. Then came a day of incessant rain, which tried our spirits and tempers considerably. The next day was dry, but so damp under foot, that Nelly, who was always supposed to be very delicate, was not allowed to go out.

"What can we do, Carry? I want a new game."

"I should like to go out," I replied.

"Miss Atherly is gone into Cheltenham. I wish I had gone with her."

"And left me alone!" exclaimed Nelly. "That would not have been very kind, I think. Let us play at gipsies, Carry, and I will talk to you through the window."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Why, you must be a gipsy, and come and beg. You must turn yourself into a real beggar, and take off your shoes and stockings. I will show you how. And you can take the old doll, and tie her on your back, and say that she is your baby, and that she is starving. Then I must offer to take your baby and bring it up—then afterwards you can come and see it. I must say this old doll is like a beggar doll compared with mine."

"Indeed it is," I said, amused at her lively imagination, for I was much more matter-of-fact than my little cousin. "But I am sure I must not go out without my shoes and stockings."

"*Oh, yes, you may.* It's only for a few

minutes, and you can stand close under the window, on the gravel. Do please go quick, for Miss Atherly will be coming home, or nurse will come in; and it would be such fun, and I will tie on the baby."

I was rather taken by the novelty of the proceeding, but still demurred, till I saw Nelly throw the old doll down on the floor, and begin to stamp in a way that I knew of old was preparatory to a passionate fit of crying. So, to avoid that catastrophe, I consented, saying,

"Well, I will go, but it must only be for a minute."

Nelly was certainly a clever child, for the way in which she arranged my hair to hang over my shoulders, and tied the doll on my back with an old handkerchief, was really artistic. No one could have imagined that I was not the beggar child she intended me to represent. By this time I had entered into the spirit of the joke, and ran outside, whining and begging under the window at which Nelly

stood, questioning me in a very disapproving manner. Unfortunately, my spirits carried me rather too far, for, when I saw my uncle come up from the garden, I ran to meet him, curtseying and whining for a halfpenny. When I remember the childish freak, I am still surprised at my own audacity, for we were all so very much afraid of my uncle. However, I soon repented, when I saw the savage scowl with which he turned upon me, asking me how I dared to come trespassing upon his ground, and threatening to give me up to the police, while he whistled to his large dog who was an inveterate enemy to all tramps and beggars. But Hector, instead of growling, trotted up to me, and, smelling all round, began to lick my hand in the most friendly way, while Nelly screamed through the window,

"Papa! papa! it's Carry. Don't you see?"

"What do you mean?" he asked, *angrily*. "What masquerading is this?"

and he pushed me roughly into the hall, and banged the door so violently that the whole house shook with it.

"Here, Emma," he called to my aunt; "precious good care you take of the children, to let this sort of thing go on!"

I stood crying in the hall, while Nelly stood silently by, never once offering to take any of the blame. I turned round indignantly, saying,

"I only did it to please Nelly, and because she is not to be let to cry. I did not want to do it."

"So it's your fault, miss," said my uncle, shaking her, he was still so angry at having been taken in.

"Don't, Horace, pray don't," said my aunt; "you will hurt her, and Carry is always laying her faults on Nelly. Don't, pray, believe her."

"If you don't believe me, aunt Emma, you had better send me home. I'll write to mamma; I won't stay here where every one is so unjust."

I reached the nursery, and, to the nurse's

amazement, flung myself sobbing and crying upon my bed.

"Whatever is the matter, Miss Mallison, and why are you dressed like this?" nurse asked, in great surprise.

I explained the case as far as my tears and indignation would let me, and nurse, who was far more concerned at the risk I had run of taking cold, than at anything else, wrapped me up in a warm dressing gown, and began to rub my feet, trying, all the time, to pacify me, and begging me not to mind or tell mamma, "as it would only worrit her, and Miss Nelly was so spoiled and tiresome it was no good to take any count of what she did or said." So, by degrees, I became consoled, and, later in the day, when my aunt came in and spoke kindly to me, I gave up my intention of writing to my mother.

Nurse's anticipations, however, proved correct, and that night I became quite ill and feverish from the cold that I had caught by standing barefoot on the wet *ground. I was* condemned to lie in bed

all the next day. This was in itself a great trial; and when, in the evening, Nelly came to see me, dressed very smartly to go down stairs, (there was a dinner party that day,) it was a double mortification to me, especially as she evidently took pleasure in repeating that her mamma had told every one "that I was ill because I had been such a naughty girl."

"Then, as you know it was all your fault, it's a great shame that you don't say so," I said, turning away my head to hide my tears. But my words did not make much impression, for she ran down stairs without any apparent sympathy for my disappointment. Notwithstanding that I was continually told that Nelly's naughtiness was my fault, I believe now that my aunt was always glad of an excuse for me to be with her.

Another childish adventure, which occurred two years later, made a real impression both on her and on my aunt, for

afterwards I was never blamed so unjustly again.

We all went to spend Christmas at Clarence Villa, and, as my mother was to take us, I was happy enough. It was fine, mild weather, and the boys used to spend the mornings in galloping about on Bertram's pony. The paddock was only divided from the garden by a sunk fence, and we used to trundle our hoops on the terrace, and watch them. Puck was a Shetland pony, and, though small, was so very spirited that Nelly was never allowed to go near him, but Bertram would occasionally persuade Lowe, the old coachman, to put on a side saddle for me, and let me trot round the field. He was not very willing even to do this, as the pony used to kick, and he never would let go of the leading rein, which he held. "Puck was all very well for young gentlemen," he said, "but had that mischief in him no young lady was safe on his back, though, to be sure, Miss Mallison did not seem to *have a bit of fear in* her." Nothing annoyed

Nelly so much as my being allowed to ride Puck, and I often gave up doing so in consequence.

Bertram had gone to London with my uncle for a few days; and a cousin of his, Lewis Carr, had come on a visit during his absence, so that Edmund might have a companion. One afternoon the boys had been galloping round the field on Puck till they were tired, and stopped under the terrace where we were playing, to tell me that they had had the side saddle put on for me. I ran round to the gate, but it was at the further end of the field, so that I could not come to them immediately. Meanwhile Nelly had slid down the sunk fence, and, seizing Lewis's arm, said, entreatingly, "Dear Lewis, do let me ride once round before Carry comes. Lowe is gone in, and you can lead Puck quite well for me."

Lewis, who did not know how stringent were the orders that Nelly should never ride, agreed at once. I had not yet reached them, and Edmund had gone to

the stables to call Hector. Lewis was just going to lift Nelly on to the pony when I called to him to stop, saying that my aunt would be very angry if he let Nelly ride.

"No, she won't, Lewis. It's only that Carry want's to ride herself," she said, impatiently.

"If you will hold Puck a minute, it will be all right," he said, turning to me.

"Indeed, indeed, it won't," I said, though I took hold of the bridle, for I knew that the pony would never stand still for a moment to let any one get on. "Here is Lowe. Lewis, do wait and ask him."

"It's no good to ask me about Miss Nelly's riding, sir," he replied. "It's as much as my place is worth to put her on that pony."

"That's all nonsense, Lowe," retorted Nelly. "You just go back to the house and ask mamma. It was only last week *that papa told* her it was a great pity that I

did not learn to ride. It is all quite different now."

"Oh! if I've leave, that's another thing, and I've no objection to ask;" and he went back to the house to get my aunt's permission.

As soon as he was gone, Nelly turned round to Lewis, begging him to put her on the pony.

"It will be such fun if I can ride round the field and get off again before Lowe comes crawling back with mamma's leave. He is such a slow old coach."

Nelly knew very well that she would not get my aunt's permission, but Lewis, anxious to please her, had lifted her up before I had time to remonstrate again.

"Hold the pony tight," he called to me. I seized the rein, but, unfortunately, had caught the leading rein instead of the bridle; and, as Hector and Edmund came running up, and the dog rushed before Puck, the pony was so startled, that before either Lewis or Edmund could stop him, he was off at full speed.

Nelly screamed, I screamed, Edmund and Lewis ran shouting after the pony, which, of course, only made him gallop faster, and the old coachman, who was coming back from the house with a most decided refusal to her request, stood still, and threw up his hands in despair, as the pony, galloping wildly across the paddock, dashed into the next field, through a wicket that had been left open. My aunt, who had heard our screams, came rushing out, and loaded me with reproaches.

"You bad, you cruel girl! Nelly will be killed, and it's all your fault. You wicked child! and her papa away! Oh! what will he say?"

We all kept running after Nelly, and, indignant as I felt, I was too breathless to reply, when, to my horror, as soon as we got into the next field, we saw Puck trotting quietly without a rider, and Nelly lying in a corner of the field, apparently senseless. She was dreadfully frightened, *but not really* injured, though she had

fallen near a heap of small stones, and had cut her arm. The sight of the blood made her imagine herself seriously hurt. My aunt, who had lost all presence of mind, thought so also, and, declaring that no punishment could be severe enough for us, sent off immediately for a surgeon. The old coachman carried Nelly carefully into the house, and laid her on a sofa, and, as she had been only partially stunned, she soon came to herself again.

Lewis and Edmund, who were only too glad to escape, rushed off for the doctor, and I was left to bear the brunt of my aunt's anger. It was in vain that I protested that I had nothing to do with the accident, that, in fact, I had done all I could to prevent it. She would not listen to me, and peremptorily ordered me "to go up stairs into my room, and to remain there, for she could not endure the sight of me."

Very angry and indignant, I obeyed, and sat sullenly brooding over my wrongs, but imagined that when Nelly got over

her fright, she would explain how it all happened, or at least acquit me of all blame. But it got dusk, then dark, and still no one came near me. I heard the doctor come and go, but was too sore and wounded to enquire what his report was. Then a servant came in with candles and some tea, which I was evidently to have by myself in disgrace—punished and ill-treated, (as I considered), for doing the best that was in my power to do. How could I ever exist in so cruel and unjust a world? I would not even look at the tea, and burst into a violent fit of crying. Perhaps the servant who came to take it away was touched by my forlorn appearance and the sight of the untouched tea, for shortly after the door opened and Nelly came in.

I had been standing at the window, watching star after star appear and light up the purple night, and getting into a grave train of thought. I would not look round to see who came in. I felt that every one was my enemy, even Edmund

had not been to see me in my banishment —perhaps I felt that most of all. However, when Nelly came quietly up to me, and put both her arms round my neck, begging me to come down stairs, "for that no one was angry now," I relented, and followed her into the schoolroom. She then told me that Lewis and Edmund had not come in long, and that they were both quite shocked when they heard of my punishment, and that Lewis had gone to my aunt and had told her of his share in the transaction, while Edmund told Nelly how mean and naughty it was of her to let me be punished for her fault. I could not help forgiving them, I was so happy to find that Edmund had been taking thought for me all the time I imagined myself so neglected.

My aunt sent for me, and apologized for having been so unjustly angry with me, which touched me deeply, and the boys vied with each other to console and amuse me all the evening. But I could not recover my spirits for some time. It gave

me a kind of distrust in people, that I think has always, to some degree, remained with me. My aunt, however, was much annoyed at what had happened, and Nelly never attempted to tyrannize over me as she had formerly done.

I have since often thought that, much as I suffered at the time, it did me real good, and helped me to bear the unjust judgments and misconstructions that I met with in after life, and gave me strength to feel that if my own conscience did not reproach me, it was but a small "thing that I should be judged by man's judgment."

PAUL PAYNTER; OR THE LOST BOAT.

A TALE FOR CHILDREN.

I wish I could describe Paul Paynter and his house, so as to make you able to picture him as I remember him many many, years ago. He was one of the great pleasures of my childhood, and something he once said to me has always come into my mind whenever I have felt angry, and I think has helped me to overcome my temper; at all events, it has prevented my ever wishing to have my revenge against any one whom I fancied had done me an injury.

We lived as children about half a mile from the sea. Our house was beautifully situated on very high ground, and we looked over soft turf and large trees to

the blue waters that lay outstretched before us, without seeing the steep and rugged cliffs that were between us and the shore.

My mother lived in terror of those cliffs, and always wished us to walk in another direction, or to remain in the grounds; but it was useless, for we declared all walks too dull to take unless they led to the beach; and my father took some trouble to have a safe path made for us, so by degrees, as we grew old enough, we were allowed to go.

My brothers always found amusement by the sea-shore; and they delighted in getting wet through to find seaweed and shells, and those strange-looking sea-anemones and star-fish; but I did not like scrambling, and I was quite happy if I could escape to Paul Paynter, and sit on a stone outside his hut. It was a strange place, for the back of his cottage seemed to be in the rock, a kind of cave; and I always fancied that he knew of mysterious *caverns in the* cliffs, in which he kept his

treasures, for his hut was so very small, there never seemed room there for any one besides himself. He always lived quite alone, cooked for himself, and mended his own clothes; he used to boast that he could make them too, and perhaps he did, for his coats were strangely fitting things, and used to hang in bags and creases all over his back; but every thing in Paul's house was beautifully clean, and I used to like to look at his treasures, and to ask him questions. He said he was past eighty; but I could hardly believe it, his face was so bright and intelligent, and all his faculties so perfect. His conversation was very amusing, for he had been a sailor, and used to tell me wonderful stories of other countries, and wonderful sights that he had seen; and then he would go to what I believed to be a hole in the rock, and bring out some strange-looking things to show me; but he never would tell me where he kept his "curiosities." I know now that there were caves in the cliffs, which had been for-

merly used for smuggling, and that he thought us too adventurous a set to trust us to explore them by ourselves.

One day a dispute arose between my brothers and some of the village boys who were playing on the beach, and would disturb a heap of stones and shells which had been collected for our grotto. Horace had called to them several times to leave the stones and shells alone, and at last threatened them; but they were seven or eight rough strong boys to two, who looked small and weak beside them; so his words had not much effect.

At last, with flashing eyes, my brother ran up to Paul to complain, and ask what they could do.

"Not much, I am afraid, sir," Paul said, shaking his head; "you see, they are a rough lot. I'd leave them alone, and come some other day, while they are in school. To-day is a holiday, you see."

"I don't care!" Horace exclaimed *passionately*. "I'll not be driven away

by a set of raggamuffins like them; and if I am, I'll have my revenge;" and he clenched his fists and looked so angry, that I felt quite frightened, and thought the boys must be very bold to thwart him.

"Don't say that, sir! O Master Horace, never say that word! Take an old man's advice, and never think of revenge, much less say it."

But Horace was too much excited to listen to him, and sprang down to the beach to guard his treasure. I felt dreadfully afraid of a quarrel, and anxiously watched him; but the boys had found some other amusement, and left him in peace. As soon as my mind was relieved about this, I thought of Paul's words, the tremulous voice in which he spoke, and the tear that glistened in his blue eye when he said, "Take an old man's advice, and never say that word, Master Horace."

So, still sitting on the stone beside him

in front of his door, I asked him why he did not like Horace to say "revenge."

"Why?"—and he looked so sad and earnest that I have never forgotten it—"because once giving way to revenge has made me unhappy all my life."

"How? Why? Do tell me." I wanted so much to hear that I did not think of the pain it might give him to tell me.

"It's sad to tell," said the old man; "and yet I would tell if it would do any good to one young and hasty. Do you think Master Horace and his brother would listen to me, if I told you all why I dread to hear that word from young lips?"

"Oh! I am sure they would;" and I ran down and assured them that Paul would tell us all a beautiful story if they would only sit still and listen.

This brought them at once, and we all sat down close round him; but he leant his head on his hand and gazed upon the sea, as if his mind had travelled quite *away, and he* could see something far

over the blue water that was hidden from us.

"Well, Paul," I said at last, impatiently, "have you forget?"

He laid his hand kindly upon my head.

"Forgot! oh, no; there's no forgetting a life such as mine has been; but if you live to my age, you will know, perhaps, how strange it is to look back over so many years, and see how things have been ordered for the best for us, and to teach us what is right, though at the time all seems misery and confusion; and you may be sure it's our own sins that plough the deepest furrows in our lives, not the sorrows laid upon us by Almighty God. But it's a story you want to hear, not an old man's experience, I know.

"Well, then, I was a boy. I lived here, not far from this spot. My father was a fisherman, and was seldom at home. There were but three of us; my brother Johnny, who was one year younger than I was, and my sister Ellen, a baby not two years old. I was only ten at the time of

which I am telling you; and we went regularly to the school. But it was two miles off; and when my mother was very busy, she used to keep one or both of us at home to mind the baby. She liked to keep Johnny at home best; and that always made me very angry, because I was the eldest, and so I thought I had a right to stay at home, though I knew perfectly well why my mother liked to have Johnny best. He was a gentle, good-tempered lad, while I was fiery as a little tiger, and, when I was angry, like something mad; and my mother was afraid of trusting me alone with the child. This made me almost dislike Johnny; and though he seldom complained of my behaviour to him, I used to do all sorts of spiteful things out of revenge, and because I fancied every one loved him best. My little sister did not, though, because I was more lively than Johnny, and amused her most; and so it made me more angry when she was taken away from me, and

given to him to take care of. We were both very fond of our baby sister.

"One day, when my mother said that she must go to the village, and that Johnny should stay at home, I was particularly rebellious, and said I would not go to school alone; that it was very hard Johnny was let to stay, and I was not. She told me that she was afraid to trust my temper when she was out, and that I must go. I knew that she was right, but this only made me still more angry, and I answered her rudely.

"My father happened to be in the house that morning, and gave me a violent box on the ear, and ordered me to go off directly, and not speak again.

"I obeyed, for I was afraid of my father; but all the evil in my nature seemed to be stirred up, and I vowed I would be revenged on him, and that I never would forgive that blow.

"Well, I went off slowly to school, with every wicked feeling raging within me. I thought what I could do to injure

my father. No wonder you look shocked to hear me say so; but I remember that I would have given my life if I could only have been revenged on him. It seemed as if there was nothing bad I could not do; and the thought rankled in my heart all school-time, and I only hoped that when I came home to dinner he would be gone.

"As I came quietly home, I saw a small boat of my father's on the beach. She was moored behind our cottage; but the tide was coming in, and I knew if I unfastened the rope she would soon be adrift, and would probably float down the channel before any one missed her.

"I ran to the back of the cottage, and would not trust to unhooking the rope, but cut it off, lest it should catch in any thing else; and well do I remember my triumph when I saw the waves come up to the boat, and knew that in half an hour's time she would be out of any one's reach, as my father was gone out in the

larger boat, and would certainly not be at home before night.

"I wondered to see nothing of Johnny and Ellen. I knew my mother would not be back till dinner-time and thought she must have taken them with her.

"Presently Johnny came running down the path in the cliff; he said he had been up to the top to look for nests among the bushes.

"'Where's baby?' I asked.

"'Oh, safe asleep in the sun,' he said, and ran out of the cottage.

"In a minute I heard a cry of dismay that frightened me, and I rushed out, and saw him running up and down, tossing his arms about and crying wildly.

"'What is the matter, Johnny?' I said, catching hold of him.

"'The boat! the boat's gone!—lost! Oh, what shall I do? Where's mother?' and he positively shrieked in the agony of his grief.

"'Why, why do you care? tell me directly.' And I dragged him up; for he

had laid down with his face in the wet shingles, and would not speak.

"'Baby was there; I laid her down in the boat fast asleep. She was asleep, and I've often done it. Oh, she's lost—drowned! Oh, mother, mother!'

"I stood perfectly paralyzed with horror. I had done it—drowned, murdered my own sister. I grew quite cold and sick, and could neither move nor speak.

"My mother had heard Johnny's shriek of despair, and came running down to us. I could not speak, and she could hardly understand Johnny's words. At last she did. I never shall forget her face.

"'And I trusted you, Johnny!' was all she said, and set off running to the village as if she were mad.

"As I gradually recovered the shock I had received, the thought darted into my mind that, as the boat would drift down with the tide, it would probably be still in sight, and be floating near the shore round the headland that formed the little *bay that you* see before us; and if I

could climb the high cliff, from the top I could see for miles around.

"I darted off, and scrambled up the face of the steep cliff, sometimes clinging with my hands and knees to the very face of the rock. I never could imagine how I did it. If I had thought of the danger, I must have turned giddy and lost my footing; but I thought of nothing but the boat, and, as I expected, saw it immediately before me, very near the shore.

"Coming down the other side of the cliff was comparatively easy, and in a very few minutes I was on the shore, and up to my waist in the water. It was a still day, so I was able to keep my footing, and often the boat seemed within my grasp, and then floated quietly back on the next wave.

"I suppose the gentle motion had kept the child asleep till then, for she was quite quiet, till, in my despair, I called her loudly and woke her. Then she cried piteously, and I felt as if I should go mad if my next effort did not succeed. Deeper

and deeper I waded; the water came up to my shoulders. I could scarcely stand, and could not swim; but I never thought of my own life. I caught the boat, but of course, child as I was, I had not strength to pull it ashore. I cried aloud for help, and I must have been heard on the other side of the cliff, for my cry was answered, and I soon saw a boat with two men pulling round the headland.

"They were not long in reaching us, and took us up. Ellen was soon pacified when I took her on my knee, and my mother and Johnny were on the shore to receive us. She kissed me over and over again, saying, in a low voice,

"'You saved her, Paul; Johnny lost her.'

"She spoke strangely and unlike herself; but I was too full of remorse, and had been too terror-stricken, not to tell the truth, and all I had done. She pushed me from her with a face of horror when she understood, and spoke as if we *had both intended* to kill our darling. I

could not understand her, and was shivering and dripping wet. Some of the neighbours insisted on my changing my clothes; but I had already caught a violent cold, and that, with the misery I had felt, brought on fever. I was ill some time, and I suppose knew nothing that happened.

"One day I repeatedly asked for my mother, and she did not come. I began to cry, and to ask if she had not forgiven me. A woman, who appeared to be nursing me, assured me that she would come soon, and pacified me. But this occurred day after day, and I saw that when she went out she carried Ellen with her. Johnny, too, seemed dull and unhappy; and a terrible thought crossed my mind. I called him to come to my bedside.

"'Where's mother?' I said.

"He began to cry.

"'Is she coming back? Or is she—'

"I could not frame the question I wished to ask.

"The woman, who appeared to be al-

ways in the house, came up to us. She saw that she could not conceal the truth from me any longer.

"'It's pleased the Lord to take your mother, my lad; but you must not fret, for you are getting nearly well. You must be thankful for that.'

"'Gone! and not forgiven me!' burst from my lips, and was the only thought that came to my mind. I did not ask how she died, or when. The agony of its being 'too late' was all I felt. The last thing I could remember was my mother pushing me from her."

Even then, as he told us, the old man's voice faltered, and his eyes were full of tears. I had been crying since the thought that Baby Ellen might be drowned occurred to me; and though my brothers looked steadfastly away, I could see tears glistening in their eyes. I took hold of Paul's hand, and held it.

"Oh, poor Paul, how unhappy you must have been!"

"*I was*, my child. No one knows how

unhappy. I cared for nothing but Ellen, and for weeks and months I cried myself to sleep. People sometimes speak as if children could not be as unhappy as grown people. I do not think it is true. No one could be more wretched than I was then. I almost wonder that I did not lose my senses. If it had not been for my mother's teaching, I believe I should."

"I do not understand," interrupted Horace. "You said your mother—" and here he paused, fearing to pain the old man by his words.

"I said my mother was dead. So she was; but she had been always very particular about teaching us our religion. When I was a child, after any violent fit of passion, she would take me to Eastry to make my confession to an old priest who has been dead and gone this many a year. He was a good kind old man as ever was, and never let me lose hope. He used to say there was no strength without hope, and that's true enough. After my trouble he would sometimes keep

me with him for days together, and never let me despair, for my illness had made me weak, and without his help, and the grace of the sacraments, I should have lost heart altogether, and perhaps have turned out a bad and reckless man.

"Then you did get happier at last, Paul?" I asked, anxiously.

"So far happier that I knew where to look for comfort, and, by God's mercy, found it; but I could not bear the place, and begged my father to let me go to sea, and when I was fourteen, I began my life as a sailor."

"Did you like it?" asked Horace.

"I liked the active life, and had too much to do to leave much leisure for sorrow; still at times my grief came over me, and it was only when we went ashore, which was but seldom, that I could get the comfort I so sorely needed. But I made a promise to Father Nicholas, and, by God's help, managed to keep it all through that rough life. I never passed *one day without* saying my prayers, and

often and often have I knelt on the deck on cold starlight nights, and thought my mother was listening to me, as she used to do when I was a child. I was away from home many years, and when I came back I found my father had been dead some time, that Johnny was settled far off, and Ellen married. I resolved to devote all my earnings to putting up a handsome stone to my mother's memory. Perhaps you've noticed it in the churchyard?" he said, evidently with great satisfaction.

"Will you show it us, Paul? I should like to see it."

The old man was evidently pleased, and we all walked to the churchyard at the top of the cliff. It was a lovely spot, such as I have always thought I should like to be buried in. The stone was a flat one, with a cross at the head, and some flowers at the foot of the grave—

"Of your Charity Pray for the Soul
of
ELLEN PAYNTER,
Aged 34,
Who died after a few days illness,
The 22nd of May, 1780.

"'And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.'—
21st chap. Apocalypse, 4th verse."

He read this aloud, as if he thought his mother must be happy now, and it comforted him.

"I don't know why she died, Paul," I said at length.

"I did not for years; but she had disease of the heart, and the doctors had said long before that any great agitation would kill her; and the excitement and fatigue of that day brought on a worse attack than usual, from which she never *rallied.*"

We walked slowly back to Paul's hut, and he laid his hand on Horace's shoulder.

"You will never think of revenge again, Master Horace?"

"Never," said the boy, emphatically, and I don't believe he ever did.

EVA'S FRENCH GRAMMAR.

"Come to me, Eustace, I want you to learn something by heart."

"By heart, Aunt Jane? it's not lesson-time;" and Eustace looked utterly dismayed at the proposition.

"It's very short and easy; Annie shall learn it instead."

"No, let me," exclaimed the boy, scrambling up the back of the sofa to see what I was reading.

It was George Herbert's poems; certainly not a book to amuse children, much as I delighted in his quaint verses.

"Only these two lines, Eusie:

'Dare to be true—nothing can need a lie;
The fault that needs it most, grows two thereby.'

I learnt them when I was a very little girl, and I should like you to know them, and *remember them* always."

The child read it over two or three times, and then repeated it by heart. He continued to ponder over it for some minutes, and then said:

"Do you think Annie can understand it, Aunt Jane?"

"Suppose you try and explain it to her, Eustace?" I replied, rather amused; for he never chose to acknowledge himself ignorant of anything before his little sister.

"Please, will you?" he said, colouring deeply. "I don't think I can."

"It's not very difficult, Eusie. If you do something wrong, and then deny it, surely that is committing two faults instead of one. What was your puzzle?"

"I don't know; I could not tell what fault would need it most."

"That only means that, however great the fault may be, to be untruthful about it increases it."

"Yes, I see; but why did you want me to know it?"

"Because I like those lines very much,

and they remind me of one very happy time in my life, when I was a child."

"Oh, then there must be a story about it. Please tell us, Aunt Jane. You have not told us a story for a long time."

"But you never told lies, Aunt Jane, did you?" said little Annie, fixing her eyes upon me.

"Not that I remember. Certainly not as a habit. What I was thinking of happened to some cousins I used to stay with in the country, but it's too long to tell you now."

"But when will you? You must promise some particular time, or else you will forget."

"Perhaps I may tell you on Sunday, if your mamma leaves you here after Benediction. You may stay to tea, and nurse can fetch you after."

"Oh, thank you, that's capital; and we will come every Sunday, and then we shall—let me see? there are fifty-two Sundays in the year, so we shall have *fifty-two stories* before next Christmas."

"I am sure that is not likely. Who could invent fifty-two stories, you unreasonable boy? I only promise this one, so run away now, and come on Sunday."

I knew the children would insist on my keeping my promise, so I spent the afternoon in writing down all that I remembered of my visit at Cheveleigh Cottage; for their questions and remarks often put my thoughts to flight.

The next day was Sunday, and soon after four o'clock I heard the little feet come pattering up-stairs into my room, and in a moment Eustace flung open the door, and, with glowing cheeks, and triumphant, sparkling eyes, dashed in, dragging his sister after him, in no very gentle manner.

"We've come quite alone, Aunt Jane. Papa sent us on from the corner of the road, and he is coming in one hour. I told him to make it the longest hour that he possibly could."

"Let me undo your hat and coat, first of all, Eusie, and then tell me when you

learnt to fly through the keyhole, for I am sure you could not reach the door-bell?"

"Oh, we came in with Mrs.—Mrs.—I forget her name, but the fat woman who gives us cakes sometimes. I told her we were coming to you; and now we are quite ready, so you must begin directly."

"Please do," said Annie, taking hold of my hand. "Eusie meant to say 'please,' though he said 'must.'"

"I am going to read it to you," I said; "for I wrote it down, so that if I should not be well enough to read it to you myself, some one else might."

"We should not like that. We would wait till you could," said both the children at once. "But you are well enough now." And Eustace sat down on the floor, and Annie scrambled on to my knee, while I read the following story:

I think the very happiest time of my life, as a child, was a month I spent with *my cousins* at Cheveleigh Cottage; but

there was one thing that spoilt it, and that is what I am going to tell you about.

I went to Cheveleigh in the middle of April, just when the country was beginning to look most beautiful and spring-like. I had lived so much in London, that country sights and sounds were new to me, and gave me intense delight.

My Aunt Mildred had only three children; Herbert and William, who were school-boys; and Eva, who was several years younger than myself.

The boys came home for their Easter holidays after my arrival; and as soon as they came our life was one long holiday. We almost lived out of doors; for though Eva was too young for any long expedition, I always went out with the boys, and we sometimes spent the whole day in the woods, finding birds'-nests, and bringing home baskets full of wild flowers, which we dug up by the roots, for Aunt Mildred to plant on some rockwork that she was making in the garden.

But the fishing-days were my especial

delight, when we were allowed to carry our luncheon out with us, and I had charge of the fishing-basket; and as I always took a camp-stool and a book for myself, I was quite independent of the boys for amusement. Besides, I never liked to see the fish caught, though, when they were dead, it was pleasant to lay them on the long grass which I took care to put at the bottom of the fishing-basket. It used to be a great triumph to the boys if the basket became so heavy that it made my arms ache, and that I was obliged to give it up to them to carry.

That was a very happy time, but it did not end happily, and the two lines you learnt for me yesterday, Eustace, reminded me of this.

It was only during the boys' holidays that we did not do any lessons. I always tried to do mine as well as I could away from home. I used to like Aunt Mildred to teach me, and was glad to be taught; but lessons were the misery of Eva's life. *She would do* anything to avoid them. I

used to think it must be because she had to do them alone, and I used to try to help her; but she always did as little as she possibly could, and I almost believed the boys when they said that Eva was more sorry when the holidays were over to begin lessons again, than for them to go away. It seemed a rough speech, but afterwards I thought it was a true one.

Every one was very sorry when the day came for the boys to go back, but Eva was the only one who said much about it. We all went together to the railway-station. It was rather a silent drive; but we talked a little of the pleasant days we should have in the summer if I was allowed to come again then.

"Now, mind you do, Janie; mind you are here in August," were Herbert's last words as we parted on the platform.

I desired nothing better, and this prospect consoled me for the interruption to the happy holiday I had had with my cousins.

I was never an idle child, and the next

morning, after breakfast, I collected my books and sat down to work as usual. But I wanted a French grammar, and I asked Eva to lend me hers. She was generally obliging enough, but she seemed to have a decided objection to do this.

"I can't Jane; I don't know where it is."

"Well, then, run and look for it," I said, "for I can't get on with this translation without one."

"Please, don't have it," said Eva, in a low voice, and looking round as if some one was listening. "I do hate French so; and if mamma sees it she will make me learn it, I know, and if she don't see it she will forget all about it."

I did not think so, but I was too busy to talk to her, and the book did not appear.

Presently Aunt Mildred came down into the study, where I was writing, to know if I had seen Eva's French grammar, as she could not find it.

"*Has she* looked for it?" I said,

rather surprised. "I asked her to get it for me."

"She has been looking for it for some time, and can't find it; it's very odd."

I thought it odd, too, and began to look through the shelves and cupboards, but with no success.

"I can't imagine what has become of it," said Aunt Mildred. "However, Eva, you can't do any French to-day, and I will tell the servants to look well to-morrow."

I thought it so curious, that I got up early and had a private hunt for the book, but it was nowhere to be found.

While we were at breakfast, I told Aunt Mildred what I had been doing, when Eva interrupted me by saying, eagerly,

"Oh, do you know, mamma, my French grammar must have gone away with the boys' books? I remember quite well, when William carried his books up-stairs, there was a red one among them, and I know it was that. I remember seeing it," she added, confidently.

"If that is the case," replied her

me if I had done such a thing; and if you think so ill of me, I had better go away."

"You are angry now, and hardly know what you are saying," replied my aunt. "Being angry with Eva is of no use. I am more sorry and disappointed than I can say. But as you are the eldest, I think you are the most to blame."

I was stubbornly and resolutely silent. I had denied it once, and was determined not to do so again. I forgot that, in my pride and anger, I was leaving my aunt under a totally false impression. I would not speak of it again. I did not even reproach Eva with the falsehood she had told about me. I only wrote to my mother, and said that it was very disagreeable staying at Cheveleigh without the boys, and that I wanted to come home. This my mother appeared to think nonsense; for she wrote to say that my having a little less amusement could not signify, and that I must remain as long as

was originally proposed, as the country was better for me than London.

I was very glad when my visit was over, for I fancied my aunt distrusted me; and I sat and walked by myself as much as possible. I valued the character for truthfulness I had always had, and I could not forgive Eva the injury she had done me.

As soon as I got home, I poured forth a passionate statement of my wrongs to my mother, but did not receive quite as much pity as I expected.

"Was it not hard that Aunt Mildred should believe such a thing?" I asked.

"I think not; for you do not seem to have taken any trouble to prevent her believing it."

"I said it was not true; what could I do besides?"

"You denied it once very angrily. For Eva's sake, if not for your own, you should have told your aunt quietly and properly that it was untrue."

"If she did not believe me at once, I did not care for her to believe me at all."

I cried, with tears of vexation. "I knew you would never believe that I invented lies for Eva to tell, and so I don't care who else does."

I remember feeling very proud and grand when I said this; but I was only very foolish and very naughty.

I was quite afraid that my aunt would tell the boys all that had happened, and this was a great mortification to me; and the end of my visit had been so miserable that I did not like to think about it. I did not believe that my aunt would ask me to go again in the summer; and even if she did, I did not think I should like to go. The whole thing was misery and disappointment.

I had heard nothing of my cousins for a long time, when one day the footman stopped me as I came in from my walk, to say that a lady was waiting to see me in the drawing-room.

"She cannot want me; it's some mistake. You must tell mamma," I said.

"*My mis*tress is out; and it's you the

lady wants, miss. She came by the railroad on purpose, and has been waiting ever since twelve o'clock."

The man was a new servant, so I still felt sure he was wrong; but I went into the drawing-room as I went up-stairs to tell the lady that my mother was not at home, when to my surprise I found that "the lady" was Aunt Mildred and Eva, who did not come forward to meet me, but tried to hide herself behind the window-curtain.

I felt very shy and awkward, as all that had passed flashed across my mind. My aunt came forward and kissed me.

"You are surprised to see us, Janie; but I thought it due to you to bring Eva on purpose to confess the untruth she told about you, and to ask your forgiveness. Eva, come and tell your cousin that you are sorry."

"I don't want Eva to be sorry, Aunt Mildred; but I am glad that you believe me at last," I said proudly.

"My dear, you never gave me any

chance of believing you, for you never spoke to me about it. If you had come to me quietly, and assured me positively it was untrue, I should probably have believed you, and certainly I should have made more inquiries than I did into the matter."

"But how did you know? Who told you at last, Aunt Mildred?"

"Eva told me herself at last, but not till yesterday. I cannot tell you how grieved I am to think that she has allowed you to be suspected of untruth so long. Herbert induced her to confess at last."

"But how did Herbert know?" I asked, in surprise.

"I had written to him in the first instance about the book; and when he came home he inquired about it, and why I had imagined that they had taken it. When I told him what had passed, he said he felt quite sure that, as Eva had hidden the book, which was, in fact, acting a lie, she had equally told one about you. I *did not think* it likely; but he persisted

in the idea, and at last persuaded Eva to confess that he was right, and that she had added lying and slandering to idleness and deceit."

I was positively terrified to see how stern my aunt looked.

"Oh, such hard words!" I said; "please don't say such things, Aunt Mildred;" for poor Eva was sobbing violently, and I could not help crying, partly for joy, and partly for compassion. "Eva is very sorry. I am sure she will never do so again; and I told no one except mamma, so no one knows about it."

"That was kind of you; but Eva's punishment must remain the same. I have brought her here to see you, and also to inquire for some school where she can be placed to learn the difference between truth and falsehood, which I have failed to teach her."

Eva then threw herself into my arms in an agony of grief.

"Oh, please, Janie, beg for me—anything but to go to school. I can bear any

other punishment, and I'll never tell a lie again."

"It's of no use, Eva," said my aunt, coldly. "I cannot believe you, and you must have a lesson that you will not forget."

At this moment I heard my mother's voice, and I ran out to meet her. She came into the room looking bewildered by my hasty words and the sight of Eva's grief.

"I hope Janie has told you why we are here so unexpectedly?" said my aunt. "I am very sorry to think that I suspected her unjustly, and I must ask your forgiveness as well as hers."

"You need not do that," said my mother, smiling, as she laid her hand upon my head. "I knew there must be some mistake; for Janie never told me an untruth in her life, and I would as soon doubt my own senses as her word."

I cannot tell you the extreme pleasure my mother's words gave me. They made *up for all* I had suffered.

"But why is Eva so unhappy?" continued my mother. "I am sure Janie forgave her long ago."

"It's not that, mamma," I whispered; "but Aunt Mildred is going to send her to school. Do beg her not."

"Suppose you ask her, Janie? Perhaps your aunt may grant a request from you to make up for all you have suffered. Not that I think it a bad thing for you to learn to bear injustice patiently."

I took hold of Aunt Mildred's hand.

"Please will you try her this once, for my sake?" I added, hesitating as to whether I was not very presumptuous to suppose that grown-up people would do anything different to what they intended for me.

"I don't like to refuse you, Janie," my aunt began.

"No; don't refuse her," said my mother, "till you have listened to my plan. Send Eva to us for six months instead of sending her to school. She will do all her lessons regularly; and, I

think, by being constantly with truthful children, she will learn that, however bad a fault may be, a lie must make it worse; and that to tell the truth frankly is the best way to atone for it. Janie knows some lines about that, which she will teach Eva."

"They were the lines I made you learn yesterday, Eusie."

"What happened, Aunt Jane? Did Eva go to school?"

"No; my aunt hesitated for some time, but at last relented, and Eva spent a very happy six months with us."

"I think she had a very cross mamma," said little Annie, resentfully.

"I don't think so at all," replied Eustace. "She deserved it all, and a great deal more, for being such a coward as to put it all on Aunt Jane. I would not have had her with me if I had been you; she should have gone to school."

"You called her truly, Eusie, when you called her a coward; for it is very

seldom that a lie springs from anything else but moral cowardice. It is generally some fear of other people that makes a child tell a lie in the first instance."

"I am not afraid of anybody," said the boy proudly; "so I shall never tell a lie."

"I did not say that fear was the only thing that made people tell lies; but I hope you never will, Eusie, or at all events you will never forget the two lines I taught you yesterday; though, you see, I had not a very long story to tell you about them."

"It was a very nice story, and I liked it very much. And you must be sure to have a story for us every Sunday that papa will bring us after church; and so you must always be ready, Aunt Jane, as we shan't know when we may come."

I would not promise; but I sent the children down to their father, who was waiting for them; and I could hear Eustace teaching his sister the two lines that had

been so impressed upon his memory, all the way down stairs:

"Dare to be true—nothing can need a lie;
The fault that needs it most, grows two thereby."

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